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As my ambition is to write the definitive work that will, once, and for all, straighten everybody out about everything, to get a little practice on the university community might not be a good idea. The following is an attempt to relate various apoplectic states suffered throughout my university career into a streamlined, chrome-plated aesthetic horror that (I hope) will do its job of conveying some truths about the Inhuman Condition at U. of A.



When Laurier LaPierre came through town some weeks ago and fired a broadside at Alberta higher education in passing, his comments became the basis of a Gateway editorial attempting the interesting but unfruitful task of defending the U. of A.

The editorial warmly commended Mr. LaPierre for his acumen such that he could judge the U. of A., after only 48 hours study, to be a "frightening university". The writer of the editorial then about-faced, and cited U. of A.'s marvelous achievements in intercollegiate athletics, its staggering accumulation of equipment, its electron accelerator, its 14-storey building, as evidence that Mr. LaPierre was all wet.

The fact is, U. of A. is a frightening university: frighteningly large, frighteningly impersonal, frighteningly bad. The writer of the editorial performed the typical maladroitness of confusing a university's buildings with its brains.

What the university is trying rather spasmodically to do here is educate people: equip them for a fuller, richer, more interesting life, and, incidentally, give them the training necessary to live it, and earn their keep at the same time. All the electron accelerators in the world (and there are quite a few by now, as more and more universities acquire them as status symbols of academic excellence) will not make the university one bit more able to perform its task. No, this vital process is carried on only when one mind happens upon another, or the works of another, and begins to think. "I think, therefore I am," is the motto that ought to be inscribed on the foreheads of every freshman entering these halls.

What evidence is there that this vital process is going on here? Well, in a column not long ago, Gateway editor Don Sellar

VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

cited comments "supposedly coming from literate, intelligent persons" who, he implies "have not in the least concerned themselves with the fate of our famous-infamous philosophy department members, Messrs. Murray and Williamson."

While there is a good deal of truth in the idea that all right-thinking well-adjusted, upper-middle-class waste-not-want-not students at this university should take an interest in its internal affairs, the column contains an implied fallacy: that everyone at U. of A. can or will take an interest.

This is a form of utopianism which is at once laudable and pernicious. Laudable because it indicates high ideals. Pernicious because it leads to the false hope or belief that mankind will somehow, someday, get off its collective rump. The truth is, only a select few on this campus are seriously concerned about anything. And this is the way it always will be.

Every aspect of student affairs offers proof: teach-ins where hundreds of empty seats wait avidly for the pearls of wisdom thrown at their feet by Great Men from the East. Student Union Elections where the object is to plaster the walls more thoroughly than your opponent, make more outlandish promises, innovate sexier kicklines. Classrooms where the only voice heard for weeks at a time is the professor's—and he has a speech impediment and a bad cold.

All right. Given that there is now and always will be the situation where 95% of the university community is more interested in next week's dance than Southern Rhodesia, more concerned about getting a job than getting an education, what do we do?

Obviously, cater to them.

In the academic field, the university has been pursuing this policy with great success for many years. Every faculty (with the exception of Arts and Science) is perfectly occupation-oriented. Classes are designed to get across maximum information in minimum time, and professors realize that their primary job is to train the student, prepare him for his rightful place in the power elite, rather than—Heaven forbid!—challenge his capacities, stretch his thinking, and give him New Ideas.

Student government is well-adapted to this function also. Members of the student

By Bruce Ferrier

power elite, long ago having forgotten that their chief function is not to govern but to serve, manage the Union's affairs in a beautifully paternalistic manner, so that it is practically impossible for the individual student to do anything even if he wanted to. When a student group like SUPA by accident does something active, it gets a good, hard, kick in the teeth to dissuade it from such unorthodoxy.

Since any action in the sphere of student affairs might upset the status quo, student government neatly avoids this by diverting all its creative energies into such fields as "tuition fees" and "student representation on the Board of Governors."

The latter move is wise. The Board recently approved a recommendation designed to do away with the application of the "no-canvassing no-soliciting" rule to legitimate student groups, thereby going in the face of student government policy in this area. The Board needs some advice, obviously.

By expending its energy in these pursuits, the student government neatly gets around the fact that their primary responsibility is to students on this campus. The newly-elected executive, though it shows dangerous signs of originality and initiative, will no doubt be brought around to this position before long.

Student's council talks incessantly about "student apathy", thereby escaping the need to ever do anything about it. They neatly cloud the issue by the use of a convincingly vague term, since the problem is not apathy, but a number of other things such as active opposition, and the Games Room.

The growth of the job of the President into one requiring superhuman qualities, full-time participation, and a salary, cleverly discourages students unwilling to spend half their life on campus campaigning for the job, serious intellectuals, and non-Establishmentarians. Thus there is no danger of the position being taken by someone who might upset the apple cart and begin putting new ideas into practice.

(Please turn to page seventeen)

THE PURITAN--

A SHORT STORY by

Peter Montgomery

Preface (by PeeWee Pornostrophe)

The work which follows is an experiment. It is a "sort of" story. Actually, it is a resurrection from Peter's cliché days, with the hideousness slightly removed. I feel rather badly about the gushy crap which follows, but having read France Calfgut's **The Troll**, I am of the opinion that if Calfgut (or was it Calfgod) can get away with being so—so-so—, then so can Peter, the old so-and-so.*

*Note: so-so is slang for romanticism (ie. nihilism, ie. existentialism, ie. sentimentalism, ie. anachronism); while so-and-so is a colloquism for a type of bird called a necrophile (or, alternatively, a neckroomadict, a nay! chromantic, or a neigheck-Romantique) and not to be confused with an untailed tailor, or a stuck phonograph needle.

666. Heavy oak. Gilt handle turns, liquid in silence. Swings away, hinged, in the wind. For eyes only. Passion framed momentarily by laticed windows. The rest is darkness. Girdled curtains, black, guard the frame. Hidden moon halos HER, falling in train behind her. There. Slight bend of her head to sip the night. Softly: —Cordelia!—

Slow turn of her head towards him. The edge of the moment held in hesitation, and then the love-squall. Shadows melt, rigid on the moonlight.

Twentieth Century kitchen rules with whiteness of winter under touch of spring dawn. Snow glare robes her cream-velvet commona. Her face looks fatherless, and her wrists—her wrists—Soft! she speaks:

—More coffee?—

—Why does your face look like the grave?—

—Because I burned the toast. Now, more coffee in your cup, or all over you?—

—Your hands tremble with the chill of a valley breeze!—

—Shut up! Coffee, a slap, or a kiss?—

He sees the eyes but not the tears.

The boiler room of a brain factory. "In spite of the fact that electricity is wiping our emotions clean out of history, like a piece of toilet paper, I say, in spite of the fact that the world is letting America conquer it, but America is not Americo, there remains yet this, this we can hear. This will speak to us though mushroom-sirens pierce the inner curtain and shatter the golden wings of the dark Age of Enlightenment. This is not the mud-dried troin, three hours late, peopled with black shapes a dim-lit interior, and freighted with ideas. This is dance. This is the train-wreck, three hours ahead of

schedule, a few miles from the final city, where passengers gather debris for a fire against the inner chill. Afraid to leave and go for help. The disaster-shadows move about the taunting flame-tongues with the anxiety of nerve-on-steel. And now you and I are in their midst, helping to sort out the dead. Our voices thunder, each to each, over the palaver. So many. The scene flickers and snow-wind drives in dunes over the dust of the wreck. So this remains, answering the final section of the questionnaire —'What is left?'. What is left is what we started with a thousand or a half-a-thousand years ago. The mind and body close in on each other. History goes backward and we progress." Bell rings. Lecture over. Desks grate. Feet and papers shuffle. 3:30. Time for coffee. Stomach heavy. Weary legs carry home the day.

Cordelia and I are moving. A new place for a new life.

[Reader beware—the vision is what you see every morning through the mirror. But now it is almost 5 o'clock and the shadow is on the mirror, not on you.]

After the usual numbing meal (but—oh—a meal prepared with love), that is, after supper: 5 hours of frying. To see the world in a prison-box. To monsterize the less-than man. To coalesce drabness by an accent of adventure. To say we're fools because we know, or think we now (and know, or think we know the foolish). "It could have been a real force for—for good." To make a little and be much made over, and over much at that. Beatific. To be terrific, be a tailor and tell a vision:

This is what was revealed to me.
Dots dance in a rigorous row, faster than eye can feel. But the feeling eye defies the field and gains a yield A yield in chains with vision revealed—because the vision is the revealing.
.
.
.
.

Or. Conversely. A man comes to tell you a tale but you see it in his face before he ever speaks a word. The world is its own telling, and the telling is its own reality. Creation—not communication. Mankind are one in an experience which needs no telling.

And in the winter of my youngage I fell asleep. My dreams are your reality. There shall be a time again to wake from death to say what should be said. And so to bed. The broad oak closing on vernal variations.

II

The door opened and closed before on a visual flow. Nothing follows from following. What follows does not. It will "happen" only once.

Music. Dance to wear-in the new house. "On the shore of Thames you lean, Cordelia shouldering the warfs. Your arms—at Trafalgar; breasts—the Tower of London. But the lines on your face could be the streets of any city. Your breath—the mist of fog. **You** do not see. A thousand horns, groans at sea, rubber over water over road. Steady hiss of never striking snake. Churches knell and trolleys clap. Steel over steel. Decay of a cockney's cry. A dim reminder of the past.

"We swing and face, Cordelia, (each to each, the two backed beast) the illusion of a less cloudy London on a second wall, shake-speare and ancestral."

"We move in time. You face today and cannot see. I see my only yesterday. Not of William but of the wolf. The sacrifice, undenied, of women burning naked in a pine bough cage. The one horned rage rampant on the wintered youth. Unicorn and heart." The rest—as before—when there was no dance.

III

Dance dies. Fading perspective of checkered floor. Heel's echo captured clap of morning alarm. "I will not work today. I must discover, Cordelia, where it is that we have been dying. Today I fly."

Sky. City. Dead dance of crystallized winter branches. White, clean city. "Forced beauty of winter. Spring of our content." Nearer. "Uglier. Wicked rose carved in stone and wood. New, soft, sleek, handsome buildings, more ugly because of what they hide."

"Only this. The river valley. There home. There the unicorn. Cordelia and the valley. The city's 'beauty' and its 'shame'. Its accident. Even now my young-age path is slaughtered by some fool's road. No, not fool, not even Polonius, but Angelo. Down to the noble language, the first paradise. Aura of the marriage bed. Down and through a clearing, further down to go. A cliff, and carved in path. River, vista, and veil. **Amour**—dance of murky god. City glassed darkly. Mud of river-run and city dead. Each buries each."

—Cordelia! . . . Cordelia!

"Speak breasts far me. I cannot speak."

—Fly trees, fly by. I at least can fly.—

The door, Not of oak but warped pine.
24. One room to contain the day's whole

moment. The London room is light, its walls are ghosts. —Cor--? . . . Asleep? . . . a tear? a little ground hog snuck out and run away? I would give my dream to know the undreamt answer to your questioned cry.—

"But what does this strive to regain? make plain? I sit in coldness of the afternoon. She sleeps without me and to know her rest I must be gone. Coldness—sister of the grave. But the rose will open.

Journey awaits. The cold virgin waits. Backed up the path. "Forward into the past." Cold virgin post. To rape Athene! But she will not cry. She is stone and bone, the pattern on the dance floor.

IV

From bed of river comes cry of woman clothed in sun, her pedestal—the moon, with twelve star crown. Being with child she cries in her travail, in the anguish of delivery.

SNOW QUEEN

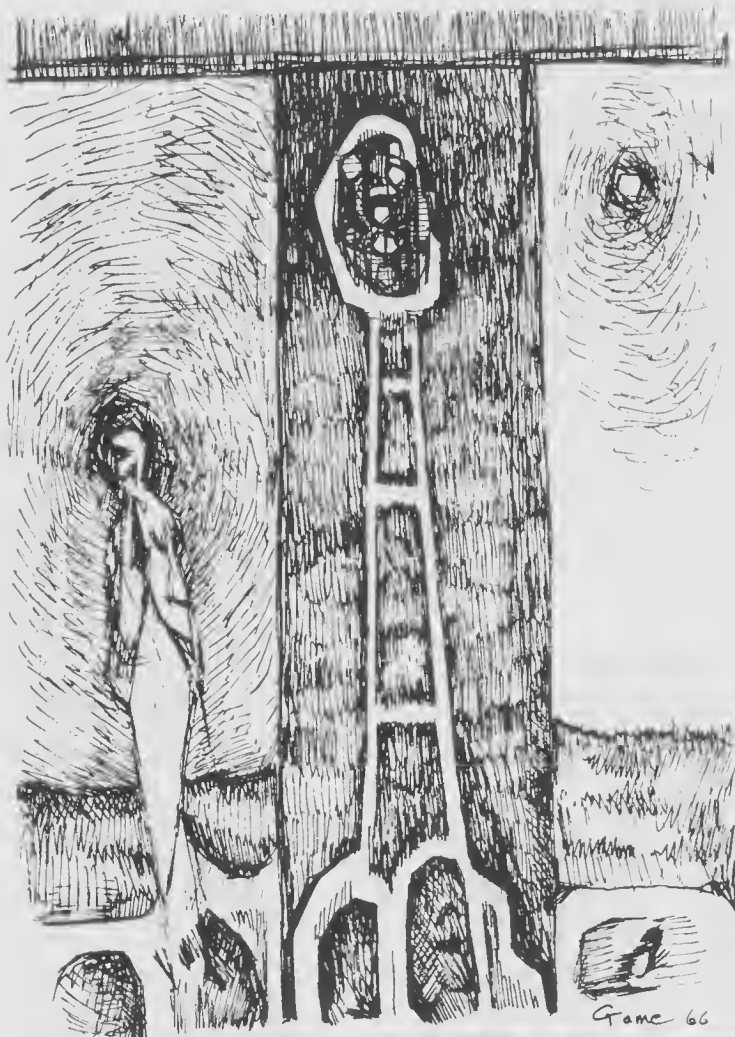
Perhaps it lies to the north. . . .
No! Not in obscene firelight
Indian . . . Indian
Lapped in, wrapped in, trapped in
Skins.

Away from this Land of Fog.
Oh sea-beneath-the-sea!
Where I shall weave damp garlands
In your self-soft hair,
And stroke your shell-smooth limbs
And love you . . . love you.

I shall embrace snow.
Break through
With a delicious crush.
Cold disembodied; disembodied cold.
Rush, crush, hush! hush!
We must be silent in the snow.

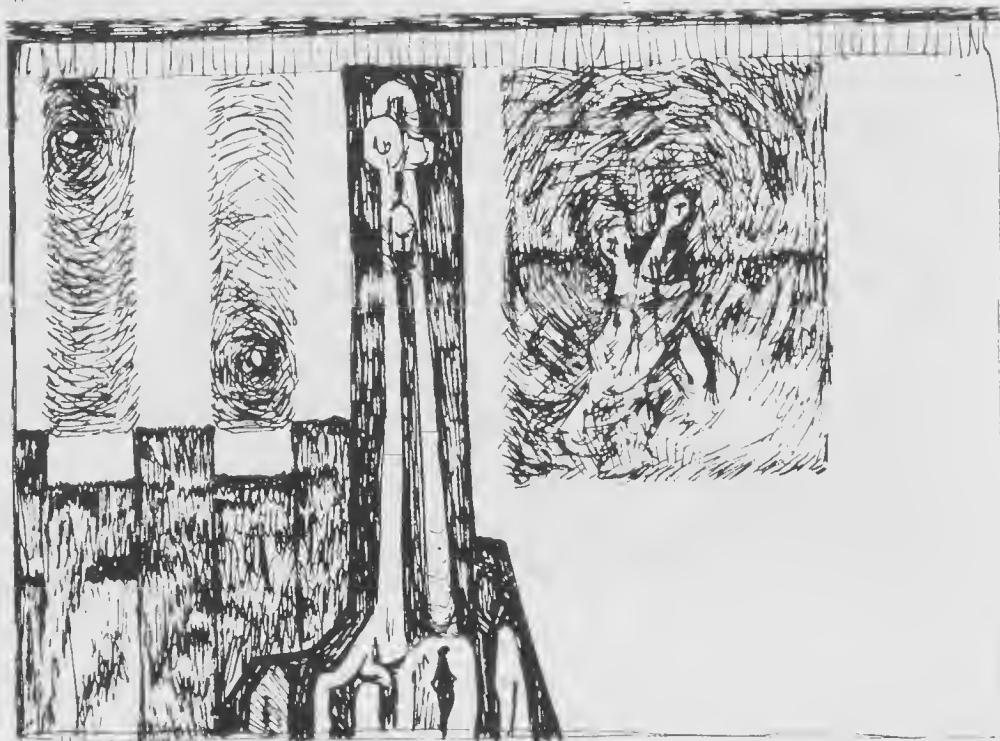
Oh pity poor Galatea;
Unfrozen to life.
Now I lay me down to sleep
On a cold stone slab.

—Isabelle Foord



Two graphics
by
Robert Game

Game 66





Robin Field

Liver-Hickin' Good!

WITH
ROBIN MATHEWS

AN INTERVIEW BY
JOHN THOMPSON

Inside's intrepid editors, Patricia Hughes and John Thompson, invaded Professor Robin Mathews' office one afternoon, looking for some penetrating remarks on Romanticism in Modern Literature. We got those, and more. Egalitarianism reared its ugly head, as did the American Nightmare and the Zeitgeist (the Spirit of the Age for all you germanophobes). And to finish it all off, Professor Mathews called for a new poetry. Over the summer you might do worse than to try to put Professor Mathews' precepts into practice; you can submit the results to Inside next fall. . . .



THOMPSON: Professor Mathews, there is some question whether the Romantic Period has ever ended. Some of the best minds of the early part of the twentieth century thought it had, and that they were driving nails into its coffin. Do you think they were right?

MATHEWS: I think they were wrong. I think Naziism was an example of an extension of Romanticism in a large sense. I don't think there has been an end to Romanticism.

The Romantic figure, who is unique to literature in the nineteenth century—if you like, Shelley's Prometheus, Byron's Manfred—has its actual counterpart in the twentieth century. Peculiar things have happened, because man has become so unsatisfied with himself. But the Prometheus figure and the Manfred figure recur in characters like Eliot's Prufrock and Bellow's Hertzog.

I think one of the most interesting things about the new Romantic character is that he does not see himself bearing, like Atlas, his own sins upon his shoulders. Rather he sees himself as escaping responsibility, somehow finding his Romantic dynamism in a kind of personal hedonism.

THOMPSON: Do you think that the general tenor of the Romantic extension should be

accepted? It was seen in the anti-Romantic critiques as a fundamentally anti-social movement, a surrendering to the emotions. Is the Romantic extension harming our century?

MATHEWS: As an "impartial" observer, I would say that the main semantic tendencies in Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Blake are without question the main semantic tendencies in our century. Wallace Stevens has gone with Keats into beauty, has gone with Wordsworth back into the fold. And you have the sort of Byronic quasi-sybarite who is really a Puritan. . . .

Whether it's good or bad for the century—I think you'd have to decide what you wanted the century to be. There's a bonelessness in a great deal of our writing. I think from what I've read of Bellow that he's a boring, flaccid, improvident writer because of his Romanticism. So if, as the blurbs tell us, he's the best of the American writers at the present time, something's happened to the century. But what Romanticism could be replaced by, I'm not quite sure.

THOMPSON: We could now look for strands in contemporary literature which could be described as anti-Romantic. Would you think the current debunking, black humour trend in American fiction is fundamentally Romantic or anti-Romantic in nature? . . . Heller's "Catch-22", the anti-war novel; Pynchon's rather surrealist "V"; that historical novel to end all historical novels, Barth's "The Sot-Weed Factor"; James Purdy, I suppose—one reads about them in the New York Times. . . .

MATHEWS: (Laughs) Yes. I would sooner suspect all these things of not being what we're looking for. I would rather look at the big figures and see what in them seems to be pointing away from Romanticism.

I feel in Wallace Stevens a toughness of perception that I don't think Keats ever got to. Whether that is going to be

the fulcrum by which we will get out of Romanticism, I don't know.

But the poets generally, the little poets in Black Mountain and all of these things, strike me as remarkably Romantic. It used to be that the Byronic Romantic hero saw himself as a Prometheus Unbound or as a tragic Manfred. Today the poet's persona is an uneducated dishwasher in the back room of a flophouse. It is still the "uniquely individual response", but with nothing heroic about it. But the anti-heroic syndrome itself is a Romantic extension.

THOMPSON: If the anti-Romantic lead given by Stevens hasn't been followed up, can you suggest why?

MATHEWS: Because of the Zeitgeist, I'd say. I firmly believe that Stevens is going to be "discovered", in a way, by serious poetry; but probably not for a while. I do think he may be the lead back. But we are playing out at the present time, especially in poetry and in some of the novels, a kind of sordid, sorry, dreary finishing-up of a lot of things.

I think another point we haven't brought up here is that Romanticism as we really know it was defined in Europe, and to a large extent by the English poets. The Romanticisms we are now facing is American Romanticism largely, and it's a horse of a different color.

So we should distinguish between talking about the beginnings in England and talking about something else when it has gone through the American screen before being able to get out . . . Whether we'll ever get out of the American chaos, I don't know.

THOMPSON: Maybe we should be a little more specific about the differences between Romanticism as it began in England and the Romanticism that is—I think you would agree—fester in America.

MATHEWS: I would . . . I haven't a notion about the differences. You tell me a couple.

THOMPSON: Well, the English Romantic attitude toward nature, for instance, is a much friendlier one than the American fear of, and at the same time fascination with, the wilderness. And the American Romantic attitude toward sex—the Leslie Fiedler love-and-death thing—is much different from what it was in England.

MATHEWS: Yes, that opens up very difficult problems. The profound American

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

With Jesus at my side
I oven-removed the charred chicken
muttering only mutter
and she came very graciously,
sympathized and took the matter
into her own hands
we dined and wined,
as she was leaving
I found her moist lips
her eyes
on behalf of the rest of her
invited me into my bed
I glanced at Jesus
remembering his loves-me song
about strength.

—Charles Noble

CYPRUS

Standing in the temple
Of a disbelieved god
We watched the flowers grow
The descendents of Apollo
A heritage of immortality
That she and I willed.
And the wind, running
Silken fingers through golden hair
Brought our souls together
Binding us closer than ever before
Or ever to be.

—Jeffrey Dvorkin

EPITAPH

I am the half-light,
The grey dawn of love.
I send the sparrows to chirp
At the graveside,
I show the mist
How to cover the sun.
I chill the mouth
Of the winnowing west wind,
I send her searing to bite
To the bone.
I move the sea,
And the rocks, rent asunder;
I tell the day
How to die.

—Chris Rideout

puritanism is one Thoreau tried the friendly-English-nature response, two miles outside Concord. The frontier in America is partly a Romantic idea which England never had.

The Romanticism that has incorporated itself in the United States out of the myth of American being, the American Dream, the Noble Savage actualized, the frontier, combines frequently with the desire of the American (unlike the English) Romantic to be good, accepted, virtuous within the pale.

What this not being outside the pale means, I don't know; I think it creates the Saul Bellows, the out-in men, the men who are—well, here we come back to the old thing I've said before: the American Romantic runs away whereas the English Romantic grows conservative.

THOMPSON: Regarding the out-in man, Lionel Trilling has recently been writing long pessimistic articles, saying that there's no longer much to choose between the world informed by literary values and the "outer world", since both are establishments. Do you think a recognition and acceptance of this fact (which Trilling deplors) might lead to a return to Classicism in literature?

MATHEWS: I don't think so for a moment. The American problem is that there is a swamp of affluence, and the outsider becomes picked up so quickly and exploited that he becomes an inside-outsider.

The only thing that can happen in America (and it probably won't) is that Americans in large numbers will turn away from the machine. And that turning away won't be choosing to go backwards nor choosing to wreck, but simply choosing something different as a way of life. It's not going back, it's going *different*.

When I know novelists who will copy-right their novels in the United States, and will not sell more than five thousand copies, and will not give them to big companies; and poets who will circulate their material and not sell them to the Times, refusing to play the game everyone gets sucked into, then I see a possibility for an artistically viable Romanticism or Classicism.

I think it would have to be, in the terms of the present state of things, an extended Romanticism. But out of that would come a return to all sorts of values which I maintain are wholly impossible—see Toqueville—in a democratic, egalitarian society based upon the material exploitation of the culture as the final good.

THOMPSON: Then you would see egalitarianism as the real enemy, as a pollutor both of the Romantic and of the Classic impulse?

MATHEWS: I would indeed. And I would say that though American egalitarianism is not, as none of these things are, in itself inherently evil, it has built into it very serious vulgarizing qualities.

What can save egalitarianism is a democracy that is refined and sophisticated and in a way elegant. In the United States, democracy is vulgar; and egalitarianism on its own is by its nature vulgar. This is why England, and to some extent Canada, have not suffered the immense invasion of the sensitive soul that the United States has.

THOMPSON: Do you think there really is a difference between Canada and the United States in regard to the amount of egalitarianism lying around? It seems to me that in some ways Canada is the more obviously egalitarian country, simply because there are not the great chasms that one finds in American society—the great Negro-White division, for instance, or the great millionaire-pauper division, which is concealed more gracefully in Canada at any rate.

MATHEWS: One would think so, watching the Canadian parliament in action, but Canada is different institutionally, and this is where democracy gets its fabric. I think the institutions of Canada are still less egalitarian than those of America. Canadians still believe in checks and balances. They believe in courts that have powers that the electorate can never usurp. Now this is not the belief in the United States; you vote out the judge if he doesn't deliver the judgments you want.

THOMPSON: Do you think the differences between the two countries is reflected in differences between Canadian and American literature?

MATHEWS: Not to my knowledge. I see in Canada a failure to establish in the literature that certainty of voice which I think one would want to look for before one could generalize. There has been some attempt at it, but I don't think you can mark it out for observation. At the same time, I do think that American literature gives us ample proofs of the egalitarian woes of the American nation.

(Please turn to page twenty-three)



Mr. Myren has exhibited his works
in Montreal, and London, England.

THE NEGOTIATOR

a story by MARSHALL LAUB

Sammy Smith was the chief poet of the CBC. In fact, he was the only poet with a weekly nationwide broadcast. SAMMY'S HOUR was so popular that even the politicians supported its continuance — on both sides of the House. By the millions, on both TV and radio, Canadians heard and saw Sammy as he proved weekly that we were a cultured people. He was generally acknowledged to be the best of poets and the gentlest of men (five million female fans would attest to that!). He had been psycho-analyzed by more amateurs with more theories of what made him tick than any other personality in Canadian public life. The ultimate and universal argument concerning Sammy was: who understood him **best!**? More words were written about him than all of the Cabinet combined. His intimacy of manner, his shyness, his soft but heart-gripping voice, were universally familiar. His reluctance to give personal details to reporters was peculiarly Canadian and caused more speculation than the expression by the PM of an original political opinion. But every Canadian knew Sammy — his reticent, pausing, exciting, speculative, non-committal manner — his special uncertainty, his "almost-knowledge" about everything. Sammy was so comfortable — **so Canadian** — he never proved anyone wrong, he never really disagreed; he was young Canada's ideal. Sammy was almost always our lead news item. Among the intelligentsia, even the Canadian literati, in spite of grave reservations about Sammy's popularity, they saw in him an erudite and superbly literate man, a major poet of our time. For it could not be denied—national pride made it heresy to deny—that the warmth of Sammy's vast heart was more than matched by the range and power of his intellect and knowledge—that for once popular judgment was more than justified.

Nevertheless, the first radio message of the extraterrestrial diplomatic survey mission put Sammy on the backpages across Canada. The extraterrestrials **requested** that Earth send a fully representative—and **therefore policy-decision-making**—delegation to their space ship in orbit about the Earth within sixty days (and offered us transportation from a secret place somewhere in North America), in order to negoti-

ate the terms of peaceful interrelations between our two alien cultures. They also made clear that, for their own security, the alternative for us **must** be slavery or annihilation. They tropicalized Greenland and carved a triangle on the moon's face: these demonstrations of their power left no doubt of their ability to match their words. Mankind understood!

The U.N. allowed every nation to nominate five candidates; the delegates would then be chosen from these by the General Assembly. Naturally, Heads-of-State led most lists—religious leaders, scientists, psychologists, and a few of the richest men on Earth followed. Sammy was the only poet among the six hundred individuals nominated—Canada was the only country that managed a popular plebiscite. Canadians would vote for anyone who did enough talking in public—even a poet!

Then the extraterrestrials shocked Earth by demanding that **they** pick the suitable delegates from among the nominated six hundred. Naturally, mankind capitulated just before the sixty days deadline **they** had imposed.

The extraterrestrials chose . . . Sammy! All of the others were rejected—no reason was given. Sammy would be enough, **they** said. **They** would pick up the "Earth Delegate" at a secluded spot, which they did not specify, on the north shore of Lake Superior, **they** announced; thereafter they remained silent.

The U.N. General Assembly would not agree: Sammy was unacceptable as sole representative of Earth under such circumstances. He could not, he **would** not represent Earth. The Secretary-General explained in a simultaneously-translated worldwide broadcast that Sammy was a poet, an idealist, inexperienced as far as **reality** was concerned, a fine man, but too yielding, too gentle and noncombatant to be the sole delegate—to represent Mankind! The extraterrestrials did not understand our political situation! Any one of a dozen other delegates, in spite of their being in opposing camps, would be acceptable to all of mankind—they were at least experienced diplomats, and capable of assessing the political consequences involved. And lastly, Sammy

had **no experience** that would qualify him for communication with aliens! (Six million French-Canadians were slightly critical of this statement, as were fifteen million English-Canadians.)

The last two days of the specified sixty were occupied by U.N. wrangling over the choice of the **one delegate**, and Canada walked out in loyalty to Sammy (on-one figured it would matter anyhow, so they might as well please the CBC eggheads!).

At the appointed time on the sixtieth day a small group of pro-Sammyites, informed of the **Top-Secret** location by the daughter of the Prime Minister, who was fourteen and therefore in love with Sammy and his "cause"; about ten CBC employees—cameramen, directors, producers —, two astronomers, three anti-Sammy poets, a local sportsman, four unidentified (presumably) Canadians of indistinct characteristics, myself (a pro-Sammy poet)—and Sammy were waiting for the pre-down pickup.

A sound such as human ears have never heard before began to grow in our ears and simultaneously, as the extra-terrestrials' pickup craft became visible, a burst of intensive machinegun fire from a surfacing submarine showing U. N. colors drove us all stumbling to cover. Obviously Sammy was still not accepted as Earth's Delegate! The alien pickup craft dropped down, waited one minute just above the earth, deflecting bullets in all directions, then disappeared with a thunderclap of replacing air out of sight above.

About an hour later, when the craft did not reappear, the machinegunning U. N. submarine disappeared. By the time forty minutes more had passed, our small group was re-assembling, bloody but fortunately not seriously wounded by the rock splinters which had been broadcast by the bullets. Only one of the astronomers, the sportsman, one of the anti-Sammy poets, and two of the unidentified Canadians had sustained fatal bullet wounds. The PM's daughter, the CBC men, myself, and the rest were uninjured—but Sammy was wounded.

It began at noon that day. Without explanation, the extraterrestrial occupied Earth, destroying all opposition. Their fearsome machines occupied and, even if out of sight, dominated every landscape. They gave no orders, but merely destroyed us when we displeased them. Only by trial and error, and vast loss of life, did we discover what they would and would not permit us to do. Life became bitter but, though many died, and many more gave up all

hope, a few of us continued to seek reason in it all. Others finally founded the New Resistance movement to fight the aliens and drive them away at whatever cost to humanity.

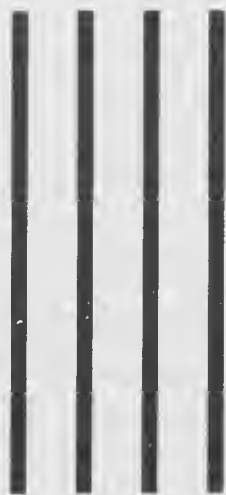
I have never forgotten Sammy lying bleeding in my arms after the attack. He was mumbling, but I was next to him, and made out his words: "Let them learn to forgive, to accept". Then he saw me looking at him through his pain. "They will," he said to me, "and I hope before I die." He never spoke again.

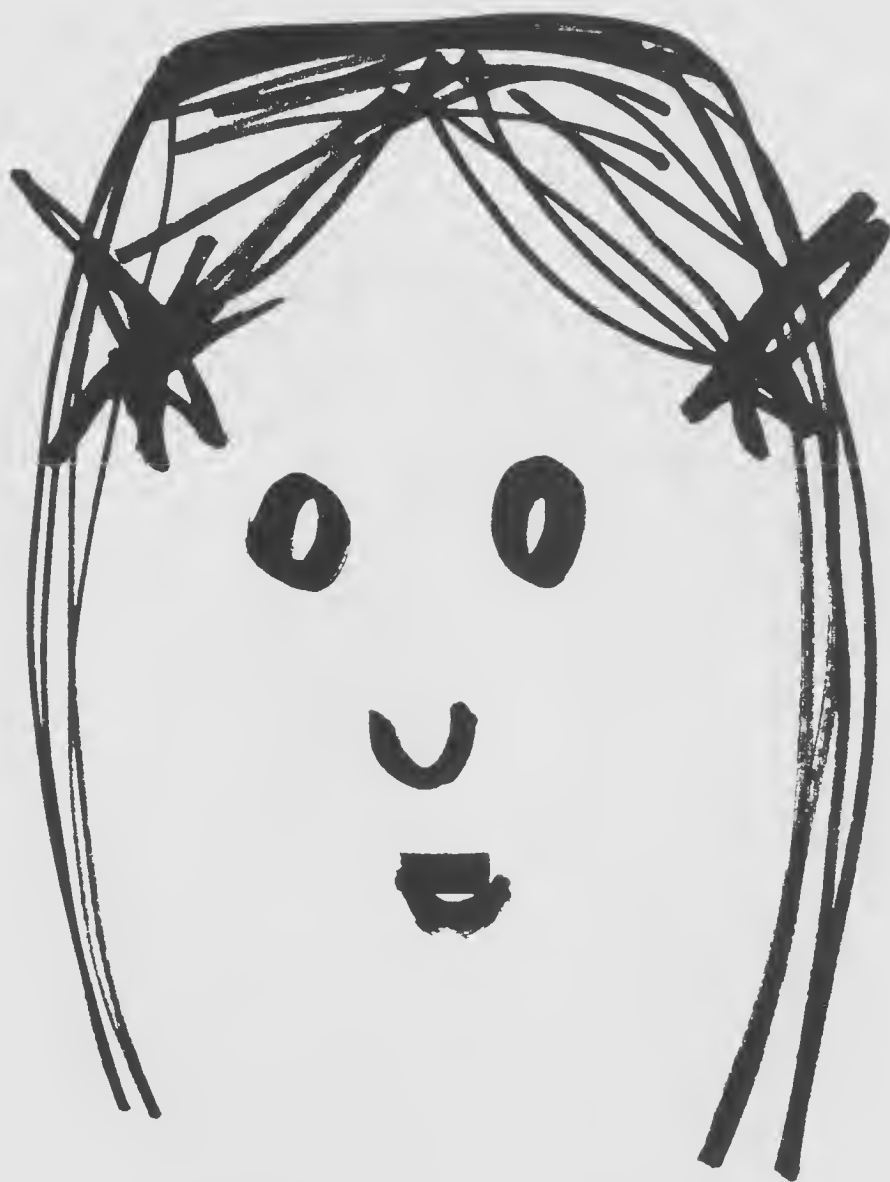
Sammy died not long ago. The aliens visited him just before he died, his wife tells me. I understand their actions now.

They are telepaths. They chose Sammy as the only delegate because he was the only one, the only one whose compassion **they** could stand: his mind was not painful to **them**. When Sammy was so terribly wounded, **they** suffered telepathically every stab of his physical and spiritual agony a thousand-fold because of their greater sensitivity. **They** were maddened by the hurt and struck out blindly, insanely, at the causes of it, reduced to a primitive unthinking craving for vengeance. **They** were unable to regain self-control during the twelve years that Sammy's damaged mind, imprisoned mute, in that broken body, inundated **them** with his betrayal, pain, and incalculable loneliness, while he sought to escape. Until he died.

They are calling for me to come to them now, to be the delegate, because I understand, but I do not think the New Resistance will permit me to.

—Marshall Laub





Lorraine Starzynski



Robin Field

(Continued from page three)

Another favorite word in student rulers' vocabularies is "autonomy". They wish to avoid all stigma of contact with mature minds and well-informed opinion, and brandish the word at every contact with the Administration. This makes it impossible for a meaningful exchange of ideas to occur, which exchange might endanger the status quo by allowing for full co-operation between students and administrators in coping with the problems of the university.

The student body co-operates in this iron resistance to change. It is impossible for a "reform" candidate for a Students' Union position to be elected, even if he were Jesus Christ and John Diefenbaker combined. In this way, student government is forever safe from harmful change, "dirty preverts", and innovators of all kinds.

In these ways the University Administration and Student Government seek to serve the non-interests of the student body. Certainly there are some dissenting voices, but these are gradually being weeded out or transferring to some other university. As I was saying to a fellow student, "Don't you thing this university is getting to be more and more like it deserves to be?"

"Huh . . . ? he said.

THE PASSING LANDSCAPE

The fabrication
of circular days
expressed in facial numbers
to weekly stretches
and highlight hill-like ends
all plotted on projected paper windows
dictates a spastic magic
raising-lowering, inflating-deflating
the pin-prickable balloonish minds
and spirits of men who see
exalted summer plateaus
and Christmas peaks
and who forever stripping
to a core of concrete coolness
that leaks away
to blue-toned dampness
as they look
in self-unconfidence
at the limited lands
of their own self-reconstructed world
as high as they could reach
until once again
they are taken away
to go mountain climbing
in a mountainous world
of magic hue.

—Charles Noble

THE LADY IN THE A-GO-GO CAGE

*The silences are significant
the concupiscent babydoll
The whole performance is—
it is not a kind of strip tease,
it is an animated cartoon of . . .
something or other.
Her prize is up there as if on a platter.
She never smiles; she just draws her big
ice-white lips into an
"O"
from time to time.*

"The Put-Together Girl" —Tom Wolfe

Tormented lady in the cage:
Dance, lady, dance
Above the dancers in a rage—
Trance, lady, trance.
Miranda in a spiders' web:
Fly, lady, fly
If Caliban's power should ebb;
Try, lady, try.
And Pamela, whose virtue's strength,
Still, lady, still
Your cage is wide, your mind at length.
Will? Lady will.
The rat is raving in its box;
Roam, lady, roam
And catch it in a paradox,
Catacomb, lady comb.
Ladybird, lady, bird fly away:
Fear, lady, fear;
The fires are rising higher today,
Hear, lady, here.
Stone walls do not a prison make,
Mere, lady, mere:
Bake not a file in your cake,
Dear lady, dear.
"Ironie bars make not a cage,"
(Clear, lady, clear)
"If Lovelace is the clearest sage."
(Near, lady, near.)
The standard song in thirty-two
Bars, lady, bars,
Shall provide the meaning clue:
Scars, lady, scars.
A dance of death?—or dance of life?—
Tell, lady, tell!
And in the cage—a cage of strife?—
Hell? lady, Hell?
Tormented lady in your cage,
Prance, lady, prance
And count the music: it's the age.
Dance, lady, dance.

—Jon Whyte

Jennifer Jane

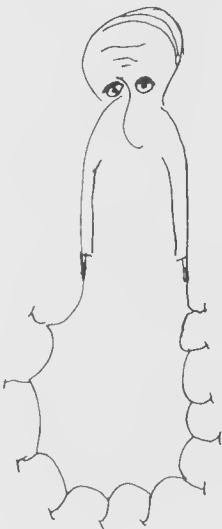
by Isabelle Foord

Jennifer Jane had a love-child but she exchanged it for a sorrow for the laws of Timeandspaceville decreed that: "every child shall have two belongs-to" and Jennifer Jane was only one and it was a wise law so she obeyed. So she went to houses where there were two belongs-to and longed at their children. And one day she held one. And she dandled the tangling babe on her lap and He came and stood above and above and above her. (For he was long on inches, short on pounds) He said: "You love a babe."

And she said, quiverly,

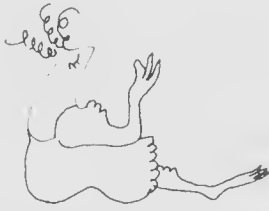
"Yes, but I love whales and caterpillars and windmills and I love you first, best, last and most."

Then she put her head quickly, so that he would not see the great fat tear that splashplopped on.



Then Jennifer Jane caught a parcel in the mail. And in the parcel in the mail was a bright orange muu-muu with little white dots and a fish-net. And the muu-muu was leghole-headhole-armhole, but the fish net was wonderful allhole. And when He came He spread the net over himself and said that He was a fish that she was trying to catch. And they laughed. Then she took her invincible net and she fished in the purple seas-beneath-the-sea and she captured the soul of the sea in a shell and brought it to He.

"You see", said she, "it is the house of the soul of the sea and the soul gets bigger and sea-r each yea-r and leaves for a new house. And it happened once that the house fell into the hands of a heathen and he ground it up and made tooth-powder out of it. But you won't, will you. Will you? Will you?" And He held the sea-soul-shell in His hand and He laughed. And she laughed. And they laughed. And they laughed. And they laughed.



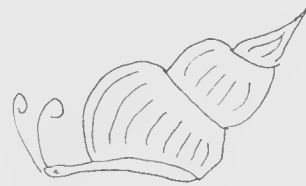
Jennifer Jane wanted, wanted, oh how she wanted to dance. So she danced to the Syrnx-song of her soul, which no one else could hear and she danced to the tingle of a raindrop, the quiver of a leaf. And she danced and she danced 'til there came a long-lashed June Boy, languid as the wave from which he came and she retreated to the secret leafy trees, for it is not fit that mortals join the Merman's dance. And she watched and she watched and she could see: Earth, Air, Fire, Water: yip-yip-yip; 1-2-3, 1-2-3, could see the fires in his heels; hoop-la, yah-tah-tah, yah-tah-tah; could see the Tyger burning bright; Hoy!



Then Jennifer Jane died once and this is how it happened. She went into the woods, woods, woods and she began to leap, leap, leap. And when she finished each leap it ended with a land and a Thud. And when she made the Thud, she made a sound and the sound was "God". So she thudgodded her way through the woods, woods, woods, 'til suddenly the seed-part of her within the pod-part of her said: " 'ere now, that's 'nough, I say! 'nough! It's got to be a thud or a god. D'ya 'ear now?" So the pod-part chose the thud and the seed-part chose the god, so they shook hands and went their ways. And the seed-part went to Transcentalania and the pod-part balled up on the ground and no one ever, ever found it, 'cause it changed into strawberries, there in the woods, woods, woods.

Hand in hand to Nitobe* to the pond where gold fish swam in a great gold swarm in the womb-warm water; where the waterfall tinkled over slapflat rocks and the trembling trees tingled with colour and the whole world ringled like a wind chime; where they caught a great blue fly and threw it in the spider's web and watched for twenty minutes and wondered if the fly had screamed.

*Japanese garden on U.B.C. campus.



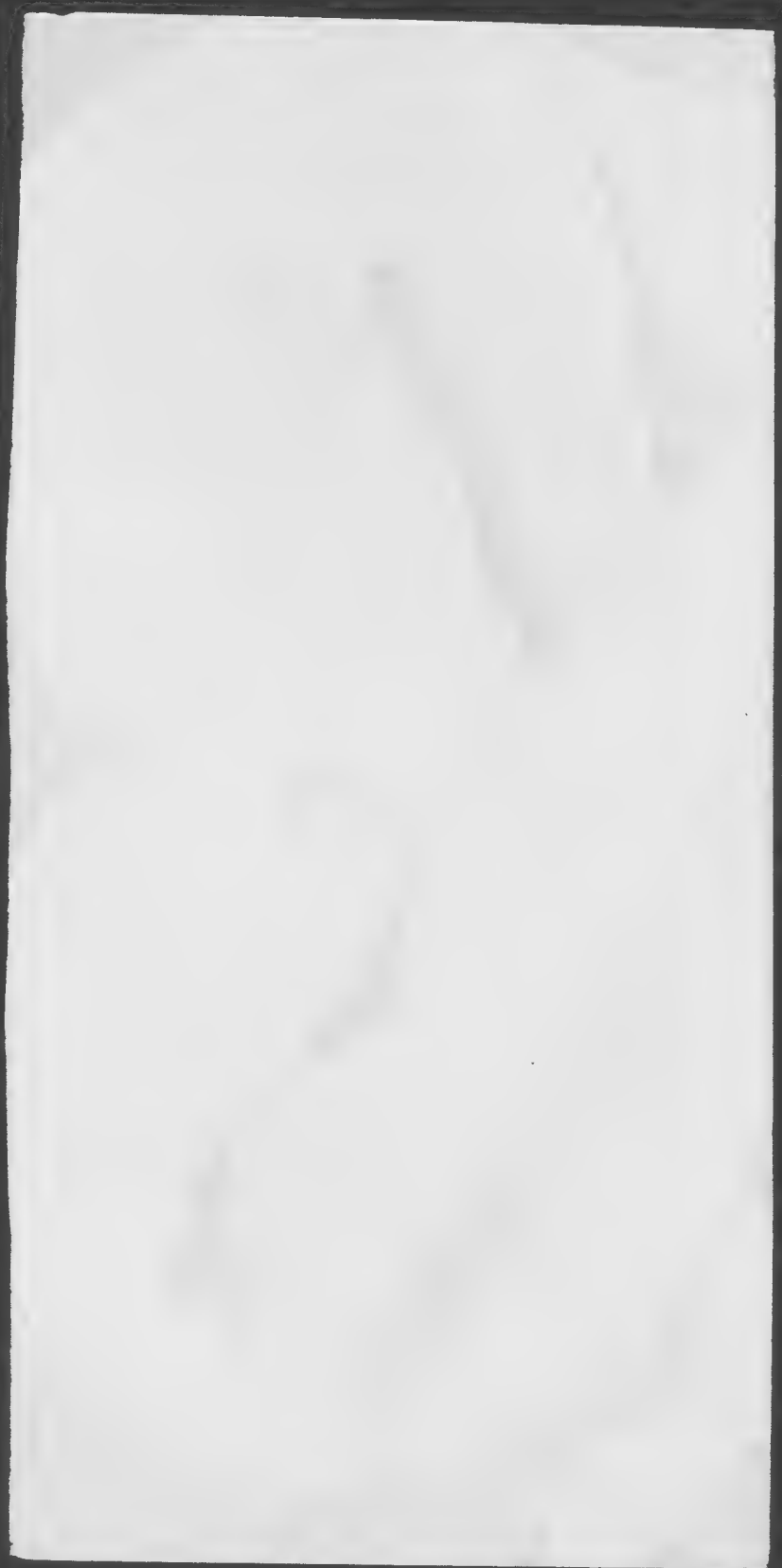
Robin Fitzrobin had an imp. And it was hazelnut fuzzy, dumpling soft. And he kept it wrapped up in an opal, where it glowed softly and made the faint sound of a multitude of jingle bells whenever he came to feed it on hyacinth water and essence of cloves. And wherever he wanted to brood about his former home in Cosmoskania, he held the opal in his hands and the imp inside made the opal soft and warm and furry, furry, furry, as a peach. And being a man of all worlds, he knew thatimps have a half life of only eight minisecs, so one day he wasn't surprised that as he watched, the opal grew dimmer then dimmer then dawdled and deadened and died, leaving behind naught but a question mark and the faint sound of a multitude of jingle bells.





Lorraine Starzynski

Peg Logan





Colette Gagnon

(Continued from page eleven)

HUGHES: You said earlier, Professor Matthews, that obviously Romanticism is around—despite what the Eliot-school people might have said—because there was Naziism and so forth. But did those people declare so much that Romanticism was dead as they said it was dead when art was concerned, that Romantic art was bad, albeit the Romantic consciousness and sensibility would always be swinging?

MATHEWS: You have to explain to me first what you mean by “as far as art is concerned”; how can a man be a Romantic poet and not make Romantic poems?

HUGHES: What they probably meant was that a man may be a Romantic but he won't write poems at all if he can't formalize his Romanticism, because a Romantic poem is not a particularly good poem.

MATHEWS: I'll buy that, having bought first your definition of Romanticism which is implied in the question, which I don't normally accept myself. The New Critics, interestingly enough, are one of the apex moments of Romantic criticism—about as new as Thomson's “The Seasons”.

And what's interesting is the blindness about this; those poets and critics who were scholars were unaware of the tradition they were in. You read them, and you curl back on yourself at the quality of the Romantic thought; at least I do.

Northrop Frye, interestingly enough, is a Romantic. What he comes to finally in his criticism is what the Romantic comes to—that is, himself as the sensitive instrument by which final judgments are made. Lovely things get said in the structuralizing, but finally a kind of religious belief in the perceiver as *especially* perceiving is what you get.

THOMPSON: Do you not think that simply because of the conditions of modern life—the number of people, the dissolution of any sort of permanent community—the egocentric emphasis of Romanticism is inevitable from now on?

MATHEWS: No, I don't think that at all. I reject that. In my own work—and I think this is temperamental—I take, for better or for worse, the position that the public poet, the man who can and does speak to the age not as an egocentric person but as a part of that organism which is the total community, is possible. The

conditionings of our time say that this is an impossibility. Now that may *make* it an impossibility; but it is only an impossibility because people are willing to believe that it is.

I think the Zeitgeist has carried a great many of my friends into thinking they are impotent, sterile, irresponsible, peculiar reeds blowing in the wind. The only reason they think that is that they won't reach for the mantlesheaf and load their guns.

THOMPSON: Then you believe in the possibility of a thoroughly public poetry for our time. Even Wallace Stevens is a public poet only to a very small segment of the public.

MATHEWS: That's a red herring. I'd ask you how large the public of the public poets of the past has been, after the Beowulf poet . . . Certainly Robbie Burns had a very large audience, but so do a lot of people who are folk poets and folk-singers at the present time. I'm not saying that their poetry is as good—for it isn't—but then the audience is different. Some poets of today have a very large audience, compared to past times. But I think that, with the present vulgarizing of sensibility, a popular poet would have to be, in your terms or mine, a bad poet.

THOMPSON: We should finish this off with some glowing generalizations, except that all our generalizations have probably come up already . . . Would you care to sound a clarion call to the poets and novelists of our day, just to conclude with a bang?

MATHEWS: You would be hearing an old song. I would suggest that poets reach a respect for form. And I do not mean individual form; I mean traditional form. I would go with Auden on that: the man who wants to be a Robinson Crusoe and cast himself off on an island may have fun, but he's gonna hafta start a way, way back.

I would suggest that poets take upon themselves an obligation to belong in, and to, and with, and for the world they live in, and express that commitment in, and to, and with, and for their poetry. I don't think there's any reason why it would belittle poetry. It's a dreadful thing to suggest that the poet doesn't really belong in affairs. The poet should be *in* it and *with* it.

And that would make a different kind of poetry. Once the commitment was made inside the poet, it would affect the poetry he wrote.

RETURN HOME, THE POET

I must walk soon the new streets
of a strange city—relearn to walk
with my eyes on the building tops!
Here, everything becomes more
and more accustomed, so that
the world around me settles
smoothly—like the ripples after
a stone enters a pond—until
my mind ceases to move.
And all reminds of death!

A little unfamiliarity, sharp doubt
over what "this event or that"
will signify tomorrow, is necessary
for the mind to seize control again,
and drive habit back into its place
as random molds of memory.

Danger? yes! but not so much
that I cannot believe myself safer—
For see! there are *two* ways to death—
and I prefer to die still moving.

—Marshall Laub

TO LAURA

Let me trace these futile wavering whorls
Before the thieving scouring wind returns
from robbing naked sands, to sweep me to
His orchestra. Forgotten centuries
Of camels' hooves play minor keys on dunes
And I, poor spectre wheel, must be
their dying, shivering flute, be chased through wandering
Melodies, and sure the coaxing breath
That scuffs my sandy message to my friend.

My friend! Half-buried echo-word I lost
Somewhere . . . but I remember now the night . . .
I bartered for a wisdom-word: mirage.
If you would hear a song of broken spokes
Then I should sing it, though the creaking notes
Might wander from the shifting road. If you
Could bear the weight of love, then I should send it,
Though I've none to send. Come then, o my
Struggling strength- Help me through this stubborn sand.

But once there was no need to send nor sing
For we were but an axle-length apart
And trundled smoothly down the stable road
Of my self-confidence; and hitched to us
A tenuous chain around the helpless world,
And only we could vanish war and want.
But even the blind can guess at light. I did,
And snapped the axle—should I have stopped us both?
The world has faith in you—wait, careless wind, not yet-

—Christina van Loon

THE OUTSIDER

I sit in a corner of the room—
It is small, yet big in the mass
A corner of a secluded world,
a world of today working for their tomorrows.

2 girls beside me talk,
talk, not of the boys,
but of learning, rare now,
in this atmosphere
Where humanity passes
in endless blurring visions.

A boy looks at my Gateway, does
it differ from their own,
how can it?

Or is it that I'm a girl
The non-conformists, the beard,
the black stockings, the sophisticate
of the fashion page, the little girl lost—
a frosh—

The med student who has seen for the first time
Birth, Death,

The student cramming for the exam
in a language he began but yesterday.

And then those just sitting with lunches, with coffee,
the drink that brews

discussion, conversation, warmth

This before me—where?

Who am I—I'm me, Who?

A girl, in a corner, in a room
in a building, at a university.

I'm the outsider now, it's wonderful
to be apart in a crowded room looking for yourself
your love—Or life

—Joan Bercov

PAPPLE PIE

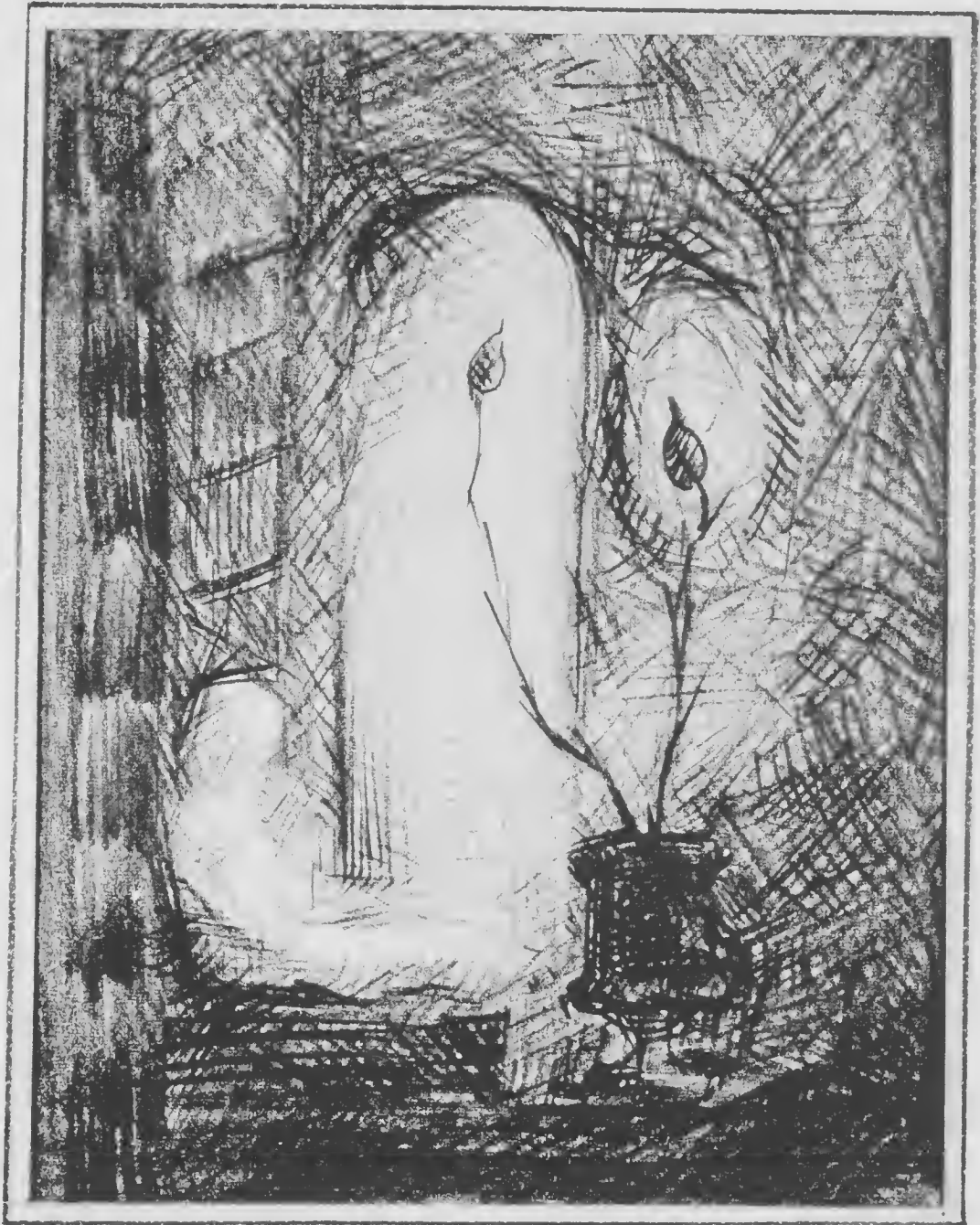
He went out,
and took their meal
of measured meat
in pithy protein pills,
to preserve his precious organs
and left his mother,
his loving mother,
to have no one
come in for dinner.

—Charles Noble

SPRING FREEDOM

The metal rusted rings
rotted and withered,
till the slats of the keg
spread out radially,
like the petals of a ghastly flower
and the beer sunk down
at this sudden release,
splashed and flowed out limitlessly,
then lay loosely in the sun
which had melted the winter
and its artificial ice.

—Charles Noble



Robin Field







COLLAGE OF A BURYING

i

*Like a shadow under water
blind
Black as the leaf that fell
five falls ago
No-one laughs.*

ii

*I'm told they polish your teeth—
If you're young enough to have any—
So you'll look like you're still alive. . .
I think of formalin in the next room.*

iii

*Yes, child. They were serious
When they built the wall.
There is a thousand years of silence
There, like a nut in its shell.*

iv

*Say they're dead. You can't be wrong forever.
Look at all the great men who are dead, and wait.
Tomorrow we die and get our thousand years (our very own).
(Eight hundred forty years and ten cents).*

v

You don't need anything forever.

—Marshall Laub

CUSTOM-BUILT

*I painted myself
with two years of Russian,
installed three years of French,
fitted myself with a six-weeks
summer course,
applied two years of guaranteed
African experience,
and finally for luxury,
I bought me a four-months
European tour.* —Charles Noble

LAMENT FOR LILA DICKEN

*The schoolmarm
Was very starchy
In an A-line gown
Of blue and brown
Pottery*

*Frozen tears
Melted on her face
Like spots of misplaced
Too-much rouge*

*They laugh
And laugh, she said
Laugh behind cupped hands
Behind the cupboard door and
All the way up the stairs laugh
Behind their cruel empty masks laugh
She said*

*Cold white
Enamel fingers
Could not hold her
Nor could the unconscious
Furnace nor
Death.*

—Janet Markham

PATROCLUS

*I have loved you with
A foreverness,
With the inevitability of
A tide;
But could have loved you better
At the gates of Troy,
An ally,
Not a foe.*

*Have borne your arms
And bound your wounds
Your charioteer,
My black Achilles,
And,
Naked by the beaked ships,
Held you.*

—Isabelle Foord

*It seems alive, that paper on the floor.
The grey angles of its body jerk themselves
into a compulsive pattern of shadows,
and it grips the carpet with pointed feet.
Then, with a draft from the open window,
it arches its back and spits words to the sun.*

—Diane Jones



VILLANELLE

small streams to great deep seas are true
truth ebbs when ground grows dry
an old man told me so, and I tell you

a river winds where once huge reptiles grew
and as its autograph gnarled voodooos lie
small streams to great deep seas are true

besides, grey cranes bathe in the morning dew
hiding to escape the sniper's eye
an old man told me so, and I tell you

clown, throned with stone, wears a weeping mask of blue
and catches in his palms a whispered cry
small streams to great deep seas are true

Pan plays upon a pipe of bark and glue
plays until the cities fall and die
an old man told me so, and I tell you

and when the ground is dry and songs are through
the dust will rise and blend into the sky
small streams to great deep seas are true
an old man told me so, and I tell you

—Gail Hughes

INSIDE OUT?

This editorial may be in need of a saving grace, so I shall dedicate it to a friend, who has wanted us to make a manifesto. I imagine he is now quite sorry.

This manifesto is a small derivative of the manifestos printed in BLAST. BLAST was a magazine which was published in London, in 1914 and 1915. It aroused such indignation that it was never published again. The editors, who included such persons as Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, and Gaudier Brzeska, and who may or may not have been distressed by the controversy, then disbanded and became famous in approximately that order.

Here as there, now as then, here we go:

BLAST Jon Whyte, and the entire Whyte Company for forgetless frippery . . . BLAST the Department of English for the Bat Signals on its doors . . . BLAST the entire Fine Arts Department, just for the helluvit . . . BLAST Cameron Library for trying to fall apart . . . BLAST Tuck Shop for its greasy eminence* . . .

BLESS the SUPAmen for reminding us of quality comics . . . BLESS the Yardbird Sweet for being a hot bed of creative activity . . . BLESS the Henry Marshall Tory Building for its sturdy, yellow ribs . . . BLESS beamish Hot Caf, and all its little caffies . . . BLESS Students' Council for legitimate concern . . . BLESS Rich Price for surviving . . . BLESS Eric Hayne because he's jolly, and Andy Brook because he's not. . . .

BLAST all them damn esoterics down at Windsor Bowl . . . BLAST them damn Beatles, and all people who look like Lenin . . . BLAST the Emily Murphy Park Witches Coven for Walpur-ging the Faculty Club . . .

BLESS, if he has one, the mole on President Johns' left ear . . . BLESS the mole who

dug the whole for All New SUB . . . BLESS cabbages and W. L. Mackenzie Kings. . . .

BLESS the men of Progress who took the you-know-whats out of the Arts Building washroom . . . BLESS the Gold Key Society for its good taste and BLAST the Brass Lock boys for defecting! . . . BLESS donuts for having holes, and BLAST holes for living in vortices of dough.

BLESS the cleanies who are determined to raze Garneau . . . BLESS toothpaste because it's Good . . . BLESS the Saskatchewan River, for blue-ly lapping at our feet. . . .

BLAST the U of A Radio Society for all the telephone books they've let me steal, and BLESS them for being the Voice of Varsity . . . BLESS Studio Theatre if it stays upstairs. . . .

BLESS all cigarette machines that give us Health by never working, and all Bank line-ups on Friday night . . . BLESS all skid-deth, sloppeth, busses. . . .

BLESS Winter for Keeping us Warm, and S. of M. for drooling and cooing its way to being one year Edmonton old . . . BLAST birth control, and the entire Scandinavian problem . . . BLESS all travelling nudes. . . .

BLAST Viet Nam for disturbing our peace, and BLESS our peace for giving the problem a smiling incarceration . . . BLESS, if you like, The United States of America. . . .

BLESS the U of A Print Shop, but BLAST the Vatican Rag. . . .

BLESS Bobby Dylan . . . our own Gerda . . . the Smirnoff's wherever they are. . . .

BLAST all those people who contributed and worked so very hard on INSIDE this year, and BLESS me for being incapable of thanking them enough . . . BLAST, BLAST, BLAST INSIDE itself . . . Henceforth, shall we call it TICKLE!

